Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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HOW THE PINES WENT TO SEA.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE mighty pines, they march in file
Adown the mountain, in the wind,
By rocky stairs for many a mile,
Their dark locks streaming out behind.

They stay not till they reach the coast,
And there a crafty race they meet;
"O whither bound, ye lordly host?
Why have ye left your lofty seat?"

"The sea, the sea! He calls us still,
His footsteps shake the mountain's side;
And we have come, befall what will,
To throw us on his bosom wide."

"Not thus, in shaggy disarray,
Ye trooping pines should throng the sea;
But hark to us, and with us stay,
And for his service fashioned be."

They pluck them by their tresses dark,
They cleave them to the golden core;
They shape the keel, they rig the bark,
They fling the sail, and launch from shore.

The mighty pines, with iron bound,
Now swiftly skim the heaving deep;
But though they float the world around,
A legend of their home they keep.

Hence, often as they skirt that height,
On which their sylvan years were passed,
A breezy murmur runs so light
From prow to stem, from deck to mast.

The rudder hums, the bowsprit croons,
The seaman hears in fond amaze;
He dreams of shade in summer noons,
Of cool, leaf-matted, fragrant ways.

ST. URSULA'S.

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

"'THOU shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for—'"

"O, I know the commandments quite as well as you do, Belle," interrupted Hettie, impatiently. "But Sister Agatha expects the girls to kneel before the pictures in the chapel; and Miriam Adler says, if we refuse to do so, we shall always be put upon, and suspected, and treated like dear knows what. Miriam says she no more minds kneeling to the saints than she does kissing the sisters, though she has no respect nor love for any of them. Her people are out and out Jews, but she was sent here, just as we were, because there isn't another decent school on this side of the Brazos."

Belle and Hettie Staples were twin sisters, daughters of a wealthy cattle owner, who lived in a ranch out in the prairie-country of Texas, many miles away from any thing in the shape of a church or school-house. Occasionally some pioneer preacher would find his way out there, and, under the wide-spreading branches of a live-oak, would hold service for the Staples family, with their servants and ranchmen and a few widely scattered neighbors, but Belle and Hettie, up to the age of fourteen, had had no schooling but what they received from their mother. It was then determined that they must be sent to school somewhere, and as the most desirable place of instruction within a hundred miles of home seemed to be St. Ursula's convent, near Fort X——, they were placed in that institution, with a charge to the Mother Superior not to let them be idle, and another to the commanding officer at the fort not to let them be molested by Mexicans or Comanches, both of whom were to be dreaded in those troublous times. The novelty of convent life and the companionship of girls of their own age were so agreeable to the two sisters that, though they looked on askance when Sister Agatha, the ruling spirit of the place, took away their Bibles, and were somewhat disposed to protest when they found that their letters home were always read, and sometimes revised before being given to the mail-carrier, still they held their peace. Then came the order, or rather the expressed wish, in regard to kneeling before the pictures in the chapel, and then it was first noticed by the pupils that the twins were not quite so much alike in disposition as in person; and Isora Sanchez, a pupil from across the border, who could not speak English, expressed the popular opinion in four words, "Hettie *buena*—Bella *mala*" (Hettie good—Belle bad). Hettie could now tell her beads, and rattle off her *aves* and *paters* with as much ease as any of her schoolmates; and had even begun to say that, if she could get her papa's consent, and her mamma would send her a dress for the occasion, she would join some of her new friends who expected to take their first communion the following month. Some of the younger sisters regarded her as a brand about to be snatched from the burning, and if she were sometimes scolded in school hours for faulty recitations and neglect of rules, she was rarely refused a favor, nor was she kept at arm's-length, as the girls observed, as Belle was, although the latter was the hardest student in the school.

There is so little to break the monotony of convent life that when Isora Sanchez received from home a large box of *dulces* and other creature comforts, a good deal of interest was excited by the question with whom would she share them? She was very liberal in her distribution, and impossible-colored peacocks, and birds of paradise, and other ornithological specimens, all made of the finest candy, fairly flew in various directions. Neither Hettie nor Miriam was among her favored schoolmates, which was hardly to be wondered at, as Miriam had lately begun to mimic Isora's attempts at English, and when Miriam mimicked Hettie giggled. Belle, on the contrary, received a handful of the bright *dulces*. "Me sick las' wick, Bella rub the head of me," was the explanation.

The next day there was an excitement in school such as had not been experienced there in the memory of the oldest pupil. Sister Brigida, in dusting the chapel that morning, had

found the little lava image of St. Peter (lately received from Rome, and highly valued by the sisters) decorated by having a great red candy rooster perched on its shoulder, being held there by liquid glue. The girls were summoned to the school-room by the ringing of a hand-bell, and questioned as to their knowledge of the outrage.

"I know the rooster" (one of them volunteered this information): "it is the same broken-legged one that Isora gave Belle Staples."

Belle was next called on. She recognized her property, but disavowed all further knowledge.

"I put the candy in my work-box yesterday," said she, "and haven't seen it since."

"Little hiritic! She is the only girl in school who would do any thing so abominable!" exclaimed Sister Brigida. "It will take a week of bread and water to get the divil out of her."

The school-girls generally seemed to be of Sister Brigida's opinion—all except Hettie, who only cried and trembled.

Sister Agatha, who was sitting in judgment, seemed, for once in her life, at a loss what to say or do.

"Why don't you speak?" cried Sister Brigida, turning to her. "Make the little monster confess her wickedness."

"I cannot confess what I haven't done," said Belle.

"Who could have done it but you?" exclaimed Sister Brigida, whose voice grew louder and her face redder every time she spoke. "Who is it but you that will walk into the chapel without ever bending a knee? And who was it but you that I saw with my own eyes hanging your sunbonnet on one of the arrows in St. Sebastian's blissed body out there in the corridor?"

'I know I did," replied Belle, "but on my word of honor I thought it was a hat-rack."

A buzz of indignation arose at these words, but it did not long continue, for some of the girls were acute enough to see that Sister Agatha was trying to repress a smile. The great oaken image of St. Sebastian was the work of an untaught Indian possessed of more zeal than skill. It was too large and lumbering to be admitted into the chapel, but in order not to offend the sculptor, who was also the donor, it had been given a place in the corridor just outside of the school-room. Sister Agatha had more than once run against it when in haste, hence a faint feeling of sympathy for the "little hiritic."

"I am sorry," said she to Belle, "that if you have committed this sacrilege you cannot be induced to confess it. Perhaps it would be best for Father Pierre to talk with you, as he—"

"Here he comes now!" interrupted Sister Brigida. "I hear his stick thumping along the corridor."

"Sister Brigida, you had better go and attend to your business in the linen room," returned Sister Agatha, speaking more like herself. "And ask the Father to come to me. I must speak with him."

In a very few moments the case was laid before the stern-looking priest, who only said, speaking in his harshest voice:

"Let her come forward."

In response to a sign from Sister Agatha, Belle rose from her seat, but before she had advanced a step the priest again spoke:

"That is not the offender."

The girls were awe-struck, and Sister Agatha looked puzzled.

"Call the roll," said the priest, "and let each girl answer to her name by rising."

The fourth name called was Miriam Adler, and when Miriam rose, the priest further astonished his hearers by saying, sternly,

"Come forward, Miriam, and confess your sin."

Miriam was pale with terror, but she made no attempt to deny what she had done. She had begged the painted *dulce* from Hettie, with whom Belle held every thing in common, and early that morning had fastened it to the lava image "just to hear what would be said about it." She went on to say that Hettie had been told of it beforehand; but there Hettie rose to contradict her, saying that she had not even known which of the candies Miriam had taken. A scene of mutual recrimination was beginning which was suddenly silenced in an unexpected manner by a thundering knocking at the front door, which was continued without intermission until the door was unfastened. The visitor was a corporal from Fort X——, who had come with the colonel's ambulance and a squad of cavalry to escort Mr. Staples's daughters to the fort, where they were to stay until their father could come to take them home. It had been reported by a scouting party that the Comanches were on the war-path, and had already committed a number of atrocities, and Colonel T—— had written to Mr. Staples that that part of the country was no longer a safe place of residence for his daughters.

"Holy saints protect us!" exclaimed Sister Agatha, when she heard this news.

"Better pray to God A'mighty to do that," observed the corporal. "Send your application direct to head-quarters. With them red devils on this side of the Rio Grande, and coming nearer every minute, there aint no time for fooling with inferior officers."

Whether or not this advice was taken, Belle and Hettie did not stay to find out. Hastily packing their things they bade adieu to their late teachers and schoolmates, and were soon *en route* for the fort, where, a few days later, they were joined by their father. The Indians had by that time been driven back, but Mr. Staples concluded it was best to take his daughters home. They never heard what penance was imposed on Miriam for her sacrilegious act, nor (what was of greater interest) how Father Pierre had discovered who was the offender. The explanation of the latter was simple, though, to increase the awe with which he was regarded, the priest kept it to himself. Making an early visit to the chapel to recover a Breviary he had left there the day before, he had (from behind the curtains of the confessional) himself witnessed Miriam's proceeding.

A Protestant governess was engaged to carry on Belle's and Hettie's education, and they were never again tempted to offend a jealous God by bowing the knee to the likeness of any thing in the heaven above, the earth beneath, or the water under the earth.

EVENING.

THE wild gulls wheel and waver,
They call and cry
In sad, shrill notes that quaver
'Tween earth and sky;
The red sun sinks apace,
While yet his gleaming face
Looks out a moment's space
Through mists that fly.

The toiling team move slowly
In rhythmic beat,
With patient heads bent lowly,
Their heavy feet
Past fresh-cut furrows clear;
While low waves whisper near,
And sweet earth-odors here
The salt airs meet.

Dim wings of twilight hover
O'er field and sea,
For day is past and over;
And silently,
With weary sense and sight,
Through veils of fading light,
The plowman welcomes night,
Where rest shall be,—*R. Armytage.*

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Boyd covered his face with his hands and groaned. This seemed to be the last drop in his cup. Even Mr. Gilbert felt a stir of compassion in his money-hardened heart, but he could not forbear a taunt.

"Comes of trusting any boy; but I thought the Boyds were as honest as fools!"

Did he think what his words implied? Was it a good lesson to give that cringing, terrified boy that honesty was ever folly?

"Will Boyd, what made you do this?" said Mr. Gladwin.

"O, I wanted so to go to the circus!" sobbed Will.

"Yes, so much that you were willing to ruin your character, and break the law for two hours of racing horses and leaping women, with plenty of wild beasts—the only respectable part of it—thrown in! I wonder what a boy thinks his life will be who begins it by sneaking after every dime show, and the like!"

Mr. Gladwin had never done this sort of thing in his boyhood. He had lived in a little village, and been rigidly kept down by a stern father and a high-tempered mother. No love had softened his hard training, he had been obedient from pure fear; and, naturally timid, he grew up a moral and physical coward, a tyrant where he could be, as cowards always are, but without the ordinary childish sins to look back on, and holding it a dreadful thing for a boy even to do any mischief.

He was all ready to send Will to jail, but, strange to say, Mr. Gilbert interfered to prevent it.

"Come now, Gladwin," he said, gruffly, "it's my business. 'Twas my money he stole, not yours; and I wont prosecute him, and you can't."

Whether he was moved inwardly by Mr. Boyd's distress, or whether he thought it would be a good idea to have a boy under him who would be utterly in his power, who can say? But he went on:

"Now, you can't keep him here; that's not to be expected. But seein' Mr. Boyd is an old citizen, and, so fur as I know, an honest man, I am willin' to take this boy into my store and try fetchin' him up to business. But look here, young feller! my eyes are consider'ble sharp. If I ketch you tripping once, just once, d'ye hear! off you go, and, more 'n that, every body shall know why! I'll give ye a chance, but not but one. Mr. Gladwin here'll keep our secret, and seein' the' wasn't any body here but him and your pa, I guess it'll be kept. Lucky for you the book-keeper's to home sick!"

Will was abjectly grateful. He realized what he had done the moment he was threatened with imprisonment. Like many a boy before and since, he went on to do what he wanted to without once thinking of consequences, much less of duty.

Boys do not often stop to think. It is not the nature of youth. Therefore it was all the more needful that they should be taught to obey and trust those whom age and experience have taught to think, and to know the evils and troubles life brings to us all.

Boys, do you ever consider how much easier it is for your parents to let you do just as you please than to bring you up carefully? That is really the reason that so many parents do not teach their children what they ought to learn. It is such hard work!

Do you really suppose there is any fun in keeping a lookout for all your naughty ways, or reproving you, or punishing you? Do you ever think how it hurts your mother to deny you a pleasure, or your father to give you a whipping? You fret a little while over the denial, or howl and smart a few hours from the rod. But they go about for days with trouble and pain in their hearts, and anxious both night and day about your character and your future. Next time you think they are hard on you, stop a minute and remember this, wont you?

Mr. Gilbert found Will at his store bright and early the next morning.

"Now you come along here!" he said, preceding Will into the back room where the groceries were. "Set down on that barrel, and hark to me. I want to put a scrap of sense into that addled head of yours at the start. Do you know what the best thing in the world is? Well, it's money. And why so? Because if you've got money you've got every other airthly thing. You'll have houses and land, and good clothes to wear, and good vittles to eat just as long as you've got wherewithal to pay for 'em.

"You'll have folks lickin' your boots, be they ever so dirty, if you've got money. Did ye ever see a poor man thet had folks bowin' and smilin' to him; worryin' to run his errands, and hurryin' to do him favors? No, *sir!* You let a man lose his money and folks'll spite him, and turn their backs on him and get out of his way, and by an' by forget that he's in the land of the livin'. And for why? He ha'n't got any more money to help 'em, or to pleasure 'em! No more hosses to take 'em out ridin', no great house to give parties for 'em, they don't want no more of him! They wont lend him no money to the banks neither, because he can't pay it back.

"I tell ye poor folks had ought to die and be buried. Nobody wants 'em 'round.

"But if you've got money you'll be cock of the walk everywhere. Hats'll go off, and folks will grin wherever you go. And you can do just what you're a mind to with 'em. They darsn't offend ye. Good Jerusalem! do you s'pose Gladwin would hev let you off yesterday if I hadn't owned two thirds o' that bank's stock? I'd like to see him whistle if I told him to jump. So now if you're goin' to stay along with me I want you to pay attention to makin' money, and help me make it. Save your cents, that's sense. Ho! ho! ho! I'll put your wages in the savin's-bank, and you mind what I say. Money's the thing. You foller what I tell ye, and like enough you'll die a rich man."

So Dives finished his sermon! But, strange to say, it sank deep into Will's mind. He had not enjoyed this last year's poverty. He pined for the comforts and luxuries he had before enjoyed without giving a thought to their provision. He was a selfish boy and a weak one, but there was a certain tenacity of character about him that made him cling to this new idea. He was impressed by Mr. Gilbert's earnestness and force, and felt grateful for his interposition in his behalf. The sordid spirit that he showed in his speech, the utter disregard of any thing beyond this life and its lowest desires and enjoyments, the boy did not feel. He resolved then and there to turn over a new leaf. But, alas! he turned it the wrong way.

In the meantime Jack was looking about him for work. He was willing to do any thing, and at last found a butcher who wanted some one to drive his cart, and Jack, though rather young for the situation, got it.

Great was Aunt Maria's indignation.

"Well, this is what I never expected! I should think Walter Boyd would rise out of his grave! Manice, I should think, from respect to his father's family, you would at least wish your boy to grow up a gentleman!"

A red spot rose on Manice Boyd's cheek, and a spark to her usually calm eyes. She had to practice her own precepts, and say "No" to the temper Aunt Maria's insulting words had roused.

She turned and looked out at the window. There was Jack in his clean gingham apron on the red meat-cart, looking up and laughing.

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She turned back to Aunt Maria quietly and said,

"I hope Jack will be a gentleman in any place where his duty calls him. He will if his good breeding is genuine."

"Pshaw!" snapped Aunt Maria, "do you think a gentleman would ever condescend to drive a meat-cart?"

"I know of One, Aunt Maria, who was a carpenter, and spent his life with poor rough fishermen,

> "'A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed.'

It is he whom I would have Jack copy in all his ways. May I live to see it!"

"Nonsense!" replied the old lady. "I don't know what poetry has to do with it! I feel disgraced, and so does Sally, to have our nephew's son driving about Danvers on a meat-cart."

Aunt Maria had not an idea to whom Manice had referred, and Aunt Sally took up the remonstrance.

"I do feel real bad about it, Manice. It'll be laid up against him, you see if 'tisn't! There's Will, first in the bank and now in Mr. Gilbert's; you don't see him letting himself down! It is a great thing for a boy to grow up in good society."

"I hope Jack will!" laughed Manice, "since he grows up with his aunts and his mother."

Mimy, who had brought in coal for the stove, turned round and was just about to speak, but Manice caught her eye.

"Mimy," she said, "if you will bring up those apples from the cellar, I'll come and show you that new way of Mrs. Gladwin's to make a dumpling."

Manice knew very well that Mimy was ready to presume on her age and her long faithful service, and enter into the discussion herself, so she gave her something else to do and to think of. But Mimy was not to be set aside in that way. Manice broke off further discourse with her aunts on the excuse of the dumplings, and as soon as she entered the kitchen Mimy broke out:

"Well, I've got to own I was consider'ble dashed when Jack took to drivin' cart; but when I heered Miss Mari' talkin' to you so, I wheeled square round. I was madder'n a hornet. What business hed she, knowin' what she knowed, to twit you that way? If you wasn't the reasonablest and the particulest creetur' the Lord ever made, you'd ha' sassed her back. *I* would!"

"Mimy! Mimy! you forget that Miss Maria is old and her rheumatism is very painful. She suffers so much it makes her nervous."

"Nervous! I should spell nervous c-r-o-s-s! Why aint you nervous? Well, well, if it's so to be, why it is to be so! Jack's as plucky as a top-knot rooster; but I do wish, to speak true, he'd got somethin' else to do."

"Still, Mimy, he has got to do something. Brother John has lost all he had, and cannot help him to any further education, and the girls are not yet old enough to teach. We must all work when we can, and my work just now seems to be educating Nan and Ally, and taking care of the aunts."

"And that's a handful. I'd ruther bile soap for a livin' if 'twas me;" with which parting shot Mimy turned her attention to the dumplings and subsided.

As for Jack, he rather enjoyed the new work, and Mr. Marsh's customers certainly enjoyed the clean, civil, smiling young fellow who brought them their dinners, and was so obliging and so handy.

"I'm learning a lot, mammy," he said, as he sat in his mother's room in the fire-light of a Saturday evening to rest both soul and body in that dearest spot of his little world. "I can do the marketing now; I know all the pieces; and yesterday I cut up a calf, and he said I did it well."

"That's good!" said Manice, smiling. "I have wished a great many times I could send to market, when I've been too tired or too lazy to go."

"You lazy! Well, I'd just like to see *you* lazy. You're tired out, poor little mammy! But just you wait till I'm a man and make a lot of money!"

Manice looked at the eager face.

"O my boy! don't set your soul on money; it isn't the best thing. I want you to be a useful, honorable man, and a real Christian; then if ever you get money you will know how to use it for God's glory and other people's good; and if you don't get it, you will be content to be one of those whom God chooses, 'the poor of this world rich in faith,' but sure of an everlasting inheritance that no man can take away."

Jack sobered. He was beginning to feel that he did not come up to his mother's standard; that he was not even so good as she thought him.

She did not know how often he drove round a by-street to escape the jeers and laughs of his school-fellows, or how he felt as if he should sink into the ground when some lady whom he had met at his uncle's house stared at him incredulously, and did not choose to return his bow since it was made from a butcher's cart. He despised such persons, but then he despised himself for being troubled by them; and many a time hot tears filled his eyes as his old dreams of life came back to him, and he thought how they had ended.

But Jack was young; they had not ended yet, as he was soon to find out.

[*To be continued.*]

HASTY TOM.

BY DANIEL WISE, D.D.

"SHALL I read my composition to you, papa?" said a sprightly boy of fourteen to his father one evening.

Mr. White closed the book he was reading, laid aside his eye-glasses, looked into his son's face with a searching glance, and then said very deliberately,

"Look at your composition, did you say, Tom? Why, it is not more than fifteen minutes since you began it."

"Well, it's done, anyhow," replied the boy. "You know it never takes me long to write a composition. My thoughts always come as quick as a wink, and I write them down as quick as they come. I hate to sit long fussing over a composition. Will you please read it, papa?"

Mr. White took the paper from Tom's hand, and, after replacing his eye-glasses, glanced at the straggling, blotted, wrongly spelled writing which Tom called his composition. After reading it he laid the paper on the table and, looking at his impatient son, said,

"Tom, your composition reminds me of an Italian proverb which says, 'Hastily and well never meet.' You wrote it in haste and it is not well done. There is really nothing in it but words which have little meaning and less sense. Had you taken time enough to think over your theme, you could have done vastly better, I'm sure. I advise you to try again. Think out the topic given you to write upon. Find out what it really is. State it clearly. If your words are at all obscure explain them. Support what your statement affirms, with such reasons as you can see, and, if you can find an interesting fact with which to illustrate it, insert it. Use simple words. Be careful to form your sentences correctly. When you have finished it look it over very slowly and correct all the mistakes you can discover. Then bring it to me, and I have little doubt but that I shall be able to tell you that your composition is a very good one for a lad of your age."

Master Tom looked very glum as he listened to this really good counsel. He was bright. He was quick to learn. He had a merry disposition. But he was so impatient, so much in a hurry to do things, that he rarely did them half as well as he might had he been in less haste. Hence, his father's advice did not please him, and he replied,

"What you say, papa, is just the thing for dull, stupid boys, I dare say; but your real bright fellows do things right off, and do them well too."

"Do they?" rejoined Mr. White, smiling at the conceit shown by Tom's answer. "If so I have never met any such bright fellows; but what I have known of people who do not take pains with their work has made me sure that, as the proverb says, 'Haste always trips up its own heels.' He who would do his best *must* take pains. He must, as Emerson said, 'hitch his wagon to a star;' that is, he must aim high. He must follow the counsel of a good knight of the olden time who used to say to his retainers, 'Tarry a little that we may make an end the sooner.'"

Now, Tom White's sister Julia, who was present, was very fond of her brother. Seeing that Tom was getting worsted by his father, she came to his rescue, saying,

"Papa, I read only to-day that Longfellow, your favorite poet, once wrote a very witty verse in less than five minutes. He was at an inn called the Raven, in Zürich. When he was about to leave, the inn-keeper gave him his bill, which was very unjust in its charges. After paying it Longfellow asked the landlord for the traveler's book, in which he had neglected to insert his name. Taking the book to his room, he returned in five minutes with these lines written in it:

"'Beware of the Raven of Zürich!
'Tis a bird of omen ill;
With a noisy and an unclean nest,
And a very, very long bill.'"

"You can't say that isn't good poetry, can you, papa?" exclaimed Tom, laughing with exultation. "That line about the *very long bill* was a capital hit."

Julia, sharing her brother's glad feeling, and seeing that her father only put on a comical smile and made no reply, spoke again, saying,

"I also read, papa, that as Longfellow was walking in a Boston street one day, a sweet little girl ran past him, and he said to his companion, James Russell Lowell, 'I like little girls the best,' and then added,

"'What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice
And all things nice—
That's what little girls are made of.

Didn't he make that up quick, papa? And isn't it pretty?"

"Hum!" said Mr. White, with another comical smile.

"You needn't laugh, papa," said Julia, slightly vexed at her father's manner. "I remember another real funny bit of verse he wrote about the squeaking of his boots. He was visiting a friend, and when he went away he left his visiting-card with these lines on it:

"'I knew by the boots that so terribly creaked
Along the front entry a stranger was near.
I said if there's grease to be found in the world,
My friend from the East stands in need of it here.'"

Tom laughed merrily at this and said,

"That makes three nice bits of poetry that Longfellow wrote right off, just as I love to write. Yet you say 'Haste always trips up its own heels.'"

"I say so still, my dear boy. And if Longfellow had never written any thing better than the playful lines quoted by Julia his heels would have been so effectually tripped that the world would never have heard of him as a poet. You know, I suppose, that they are not printed with his poems, but only with the gossipy recollections of his friends, and they show, not that he was a poet, but that he could on occasions put little bits of sprightly wit into a pleasing jingle of rhymes. He did not do the real work of his life in that way."

Mr. White then told Tom and his sister that, although some of Longfellow's poems, such as "Excelsior," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*," etc., flashed into his mind like sun-bursts, and were quickly put on paper, yet he did not rush even these into print, but "kept them by him and used the file with patient industry." It was his habit, Mr. White said, to study his work carefully after it was in type. Sometimes he would keep a poem unpublished a long time, as he did that popular little poem, the "Psalm of Life." He also said that the poem Longfellow read to his classmates at Bowdoin College in 1875, which has been called "the grandest hymn to age that was ever written," was composed months before he read it, that he altered it again and again, and that after it was in "proof" he revised it several times, and thus, by long, patient labor, made it a composition which won the admiration of the world—a poem that will never die.

Tom listened to these and other facts about Longfellow and other authors with a more serious air than he had shown when he began this conversation. He felt that he was badly beaten in his argument with his father, and he left the room saying to himself in a murmured whisper,

"May be, after all, my father is right. I will think about it. Perhaps it is better for a fellow to hitch his wagon to a star than to tie it to a wheel-barrow. Anyhow, I'll try my best on my next composition."

A PET-DEALER'S TRIALS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

THE saddest day in the life of a poor country boy is, as a rule, the day when he has to bid farewell to the old farmstead and go to seek a home among strangers. Yet I recollect an exception to that rule. One of my neighbors, the owner of a small truck farm, had long been trying to find a place for one of his sons, when one day a friend, on his return from the city, gave him the address of a bird-fancier, who had asked to send him an honest country boy to do chores about the store. There were twenty-four mile-stones on the road to town, but they thought it worth while to let Ben try his luck. So his mother packed up his clothes. Sissy baked him a farewell cake, and they were going to let him start early the next morning. But that did not satisfy Ben. He had seen that bird-store. He had seen the parrots and gold-fish in the window, and had twice waited and peeped for half an hour in the hope of getting a glimpse of the monkey, chattering in the rear of the shop. He made up his mind not to miss this chance if he could help it; and soon after midnight, when the late moon rose above the hills, Benny picked up his clothes and slipped out in the garden. He reached the pike road across pastures and wood-yards, and by running all night succeeded in being on hand the moment the bird-man opened his store. He got his place and was at once put to work, for the pet-dealer took it for granted that he had got his breakfast that morning. Benny didn't mind that. They kept him running, bird-feeding, and cleaning up till late in the afternoon. Benny didn't mind it a bit. He would have liked to mix up a hundred pounds of parrot-food and feed it away by the tea-spoonful, just for the sake of seeing the birds eat. The monkeys would have found it difficult to make him tired of waiting on them.

And yet some species of monkeys have an undeniable talent for overcoming that difficulty. The little marmosets shriek pitifully at any attempt to clean their cage. Nursing rhesus monkeys are so exceedingly anxious for the safety of their babies that they fling handfuls of sand into the face of every strange visitor. Baboons can hardly be fed without flying into a passion against each other or their keeper. If Jacko takes more than his share, Rollo will fly at his throat; if Rollo gets the biggest apple, Jacko will try to pull the nose of Rollo's friend. They are so sly that they will coax a boy to come closer by opening their hands and mumbling an affectionate invitation, and then suddenly make a spring and bite away like bulldogs. I had a chacma baboon that would caress a troop of school children for half an hour to encourage a bad boy to come within reach of her paws.

Besides, it is as hard to keep some pets from stealing as it is to keep a hen from scratching. Monkeys and jackdaws

are not the only sinners of that sort. Squirrels will now and then escape from their cage in spite of all precautions, and they always avail themselves of the chance to make a collection of stolen property. Seeds, corks, lead-pencils, padlocks, any thing they can move they carry off and hide away in the darkest corner of the room. I once saw a pet flamingo that got his owner a good deal of custom by grabbing strangers and pulling them into the store. His bill was spoon-shaped, so they were not much afraid of him, but came in and generally bought something or other to please the funny pet that kept a hold on their coat-tails. But that same pet took hold of other things, too. Every now and then he tried to swallow a key, a little bottle, or whatever else he could grab on the sly; and to prevent continual mischief his master had to secure his throat with a little leather strap, not so tight as to interfere with his breathing, but just tight enough to keep him from swallowing things, except at meal-times, when the strap was removed.

Still more troublesome guests are wild-caught animals that refuse to eat at all. The pretty little tamandua, or tree-ant-bear, of the American tropics, is apt to coil itself up in a corner of its cage and starve away till somebody is kind enough to pry up his mouth and pour in a few drops of milk. After two or three repetitions of that operation the tamandua does not screw up his jaws quite so tight, and by and by consents to save his benefactor a trouble by lapping up the milk from a saucer. Captive snakes can be caged with birds, mice, etc., and for weeks forbear to hurt them, as if they were afraid to take liberties with their fellow-prisoners; but they can stand a very long fast, and if any thing will induce them to break it they will afterward gorge themselves whenever they get a chance. Monkeys have no false modesty of that sort. They are ready for dinner the moment they are taken out of a trap. They may at first be afraid to approach their keeper, like the capuchin monkey, who goes into fits at the touch of a human hand; but there are remedies for that trouble. The pet-dealers of Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, do not cage their monkeys, but turn them loose in a large room, ventilated by a lattice work of bamboo staves put in a stout frame and serving the main purposes of a window. At a stated hour each day the keeper enters that room with a basketful of tid-bits. He does not coax the shyer boarders. He does not kick them for flinging themselves on the floor and screaming at him. He simply hands the best morsels to the first comers, and after thus disposing of his provisions quickly withdraws and locks the door. Both hunger and jealousy soon prompt the cowards to emulate their bolder comrades, and before long they get as forward as the rest, and, indeed, often so ridiculously tame that it costs the trader an effort to part with such affectionate pets. But sell them he must; the tamest find the readiest customers, and he cannot afford to lose a chance.

For his business is none of the most profitable. In spite of all vigilance some of his prisoners always manage to get away, or break out and do more damage than their sale will repay. In the north, monkeys not sold before the end of October generally become unprofitable boarders. They cannot bear the rigors of the climate. Night fires have to be kept up for their special benefit, and their diet must be both nutritious and attractive. And for all that few of them ever live to see the end of the winter. They die of a sort of rapid consumption that seems to be contagious, for soon the monkeys in the adjoining cages begin to cough, and the only cure is to put them in separate rooms and keep up two night fires instead of one. After deducting the expenses of such mishaps the profits of the trader become rather scant. In all but the luckiest years pet-dealers make, indeed, not often more than a bare living, especially in sea-port towns, where every ship from the tropics is apt to bring in a little rival menagerie of its own.

Yet there are exceptions from that rule. About thirty years ago, Karl Hagenbeck, the son of a poor Hamburg fisherman, tried his luck at catching seals and selling them after teaching them a few tricks. The demand for his pets soon exceeded his means of supply, so much that he made a contract with a number of professional seal-catchers, and devoted his time entirely to the task of taming the prettiest specimens. That work, too, gradually become more than he could attend to, and he availed himself of the next chance to remove his store to a roomier locality, where he sold gold-fish and turtles, as well as seals. Luck followed him, and before the end of the year he ventured to buy up the live-stock of a traveling menagerie that had suffered shipwreck in a neighboring city. Sight-seers now streamed in at such a rate that it occurred to him to turn his place into a pleasure resort, where cheap refreshments could be had in addition to a free show. His advertisements attracted customers as well as idlers; the trained monkeys and things were sold at an enormous profit, and Hagenbeck contrived to engage the professional trainers of the wrecked menagerie, and contracted for all the monkeys and parrots the outgoing merchantmen could buy in the ports of the tropics. At the same time he printed circulars recommending his pets to all the zoological gardens of Europe, and in less than five years his establishment had outgrown the dimensions of any building in the city, and, finding his sales still increasing, he bought up a large tract of land in the suburbs, and established a zoological garden of his own, or rather a system of zoological dock-yards, where monkeys, panthers, lions, bears, giraffes, and all sorts of birds were exhibited free, with the distinct understanding that the entire collection, or any part of it was for sale at any time of the year.

The menagerie of the Hamburg fisherman's boy has since become the zoological supply depot of the whole civilized world. He ships his pets to New York and Melbourne, to Naples and St. Petersburg; he has his agents in every sea-port town of southern Asia, America, and Africa; he sends out trapping parties who are paid by the month, but receive an extra bounty for every bird and monkey they catch above a stated number. Karl Hagenbeck has become the greatest land-owner of his native city, having been repeatedly obliged to enlarge his park, but complains again of getting crowded, for his business is still growing as fast as ever.

WARNINGS.

LET be thy wail and help thy fellow-men,
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy king,
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,
And send the day into the darkened heart;
Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men,
A dying echo from a falling wall;
Nor care—for Hunger hath the Evil eye—
To vex the noon with fiery gems, or fold
Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous looms;
Nor roll thy viands on a luscious tongue,
Nor drown thyself with flies in honeyed wine;
Nor thou be rageful, like a handled bee,
And lose thy life by usage of thy sting;
Nor harm an adder through the lust for harm,
Nor make a snail's horn shrink for wantonness;
And more—think well! Do-well will follow thought,
And in the fatal sequence of this world
An evil thought may soil thy children's blood;
But curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,
And leave the hot swamp of voluptuousness
A cloud between the Nameless and thyself,
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,
And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou
Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest—beyond
A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,
And past the range of Night and Shadow—see
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
Strike on the Mount of Vision!

So, farewell.

—From the Ancient Sage, by Alfred Tennyson.

JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D.

BY ISAAC CROOK, D.D.

JOHN P. DURBIN disappointed those who saw him. He did it twice. First unfavorably, then the other way. One must see him as the wise Greek, who said, "Let your son *speak* that I may *see* him."

News had come to the Ohio Wesleyan University that on Sunday morning Dr. Durbin would preach in Williams Street Church. When the hour came two men walked up the aisle —such men as seldom are seen in pairs. One of them was President Thomson, very small and erect, with one of the finest human heads. The other was taller, stoop-shouldered, forehead narrow, slanting backward, face pale, eyes light blue, with altogether a blanched look. Surely that cannot be Dr. Durbin, author of "Travels in the East," educator, orator. We waited to see if he would not yet come.

But that quiet, unpromising man begins the service. His voice is a drawling tenor. His text is, "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" Though you do not expect much you do listen. He is so plain. He makes you believe him. After a little time his voice trembles with a thrill. His eyes blaze up like orbs of light. That tenor note swells into a bugle blast, and the whole subject seems to burst open, and you feel as if millions of ideas had come rushing down over you out of every-where. There is your great Dr. Durbin before you, and you will not hear just such another orator in all your life. "The signs of the times" will be a life study with you. That is the way I first saw him. I heard him several times afterward and with the same sort of triumph.

I might fill pages with the stories of living eye-witnesses to more wonderful achievements.

Once when Greece was in great distress, he was invited to Lebanon, Ohio, to plead her cause before a concourse of all the people. His text was, "To do good and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifice God is well pleased." He surveyed the history of that brilliant people, their heroism, patriotism, art, eloquence, philosophy, and then bore down on the sympathies of his American hearers till they emptied their pockets to give, and then borrowed to give more.

He preached the anniversary sermon of Washington's hundredth birthday in the Congressional hall. An imposing and distinguished audience were assembled, among them such men as Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. The sermon traced God's hand in our national history in plain, reverent, unpretentious manner, but the flood of feeling gathered, and at last bore all before it. Governor Wyckliff, of Kentucky, grasped his hand and advised him never to preach again lest he never equal that. Durbin smiled and was silent.

When as missionary secretary he spoke to the Ohio Conference, the ministers went out with a purpose, something like that with which Demosthenes sent away his hearers, saying, "Let us fight Philip." He had power equally over all classes of mind.

Few can be orators like him. But the *how* belongs to us all, in doing our work. A sketch of his life shows the rounds he climbed. He was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, in the year 1800. Poor Bourbon! cursed by giving a name to a famous whisky. Happy Bourbon! to have given to our country the almost peerless stump orator Thomas Corwin, and the well-nigh matchless pulpit orator Durbin, and now the silver-tongued Bain, whose life-work is to fight "Old Bourbon's liquid fire and distilled damnation."

Young Durbin was apprenticed to learn the cabinet-maker's trade at Minerva, Kentucky. He was converted at eighteen; was soon sent preaching on Limestone Circuit, Kentucky, five years circuit preacher, four years professor in Augusta College, Kentucky, two years chaplain in the United States Senate, four years editor of the "Christian Advocate and Journal," eleven years president of Dickinson College (it was during these years he made his journey to Europe and Asia), three years pastor in Philadelphia, about three years presiding elder in Philadelphia Conference, twenty-two years secretary and four years honorary secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Born with the century, October, 1800, he died in his country's centennial year, in October, 1876.

This ascent was not easy. He had not begun to study till converted. When traveling a circuit in the Black Swamp country of Ohio he borrowed Clarke's Commentaries of a German, a volume at a time. He carried them in a tin box strapped to his saddle, and went through them studying often on horseback. He studied English, Greek, and Latin grammar with little help. He sought the help of Oxford College, Ohio, when on Hamilton Circuit, going twelve miles on Monday and returning Friday. In Cincinnati he divided his time for study, for visiting, and for recreation, attending college and taking the degree of A.M. Discouraged by poverty, by an unprepossessing appearance, by the criticisms of ignorance, by humiliating failures in the pulpit, he pressed through all.

He won many valuable friends. In the days of his triumph they flocked around him, and his companions were of the most distinguished in State and Church. But those who came to his aid in the days of struggle were more useful and valued. Among the chief of these were Dr. Martin Ruter, who directed him in some of his studies, and Judge McLean, of whom I hope to write a sketch for OUR YOUTH. But a humbler one deserves special mention—a "Sister Smith," in whose home he boarded when a young preacher in Cincinnati. She stood guard over his hours of study. He was popular, and when people called, as they often did during his study hours, she would let no one pass to see him, except on pressing Church duty. Happy the young man with such a guardian! and Durbin in the years of his fame showed his real greatness by his undying gratitude to this friend of his youth.

He once met with a bit of useful mortification when preaching in the presence of Judge McLean, while on Lebanon Circuit. He made an historical allusion, saying, "Hannibal, the great Roman general." After service the judge kindly suggested that Hannibal was not a Roman. Durbin thanked his critic, for both were wise, one in the way he gave, the other in the way he received, criticism. The young man cured himself of such blunders.

One early cause of his success was manifest in his apprentice days. His master said, "When I want to find a sharp tool I go to Durbin's bench, for his tools are always sharp and in place." He was slender, but in that way he did as much as robust lads with dull tools. This habit followed him. He wrought with sharp tools in the pulpit, in the college, in Congress, and on the platform. Slender strength did great execution.

How important above all was his conversion at the age of eighteen!—so quiet that he was distressed lest it be not genuine. Most others then were boisterous. He lived to prove his own true. If he became eminent in scholarly attainments it was because his conversion awoke his mind, and he then began to study.

He had many "sons in the Gospel." I mention two as samples: Robert L. Dashiell was a pall-bearer in Dickinson College for a deceased student. As they took up the body Dr. Durbin, the president, lifting his hand, said: "Be careful, young men, you bear a temple of the Holy Ghost." That sentence then and there decided young Dashiell's career. He became a child of God, and afterward a president of Dickinson College as well as a missionary secretary.

When Durbin was on his journey East he preached in Dublin, Ireland. A young man, reared in the Calvinistic faith, was almost in despair lest he be not one of the elect. He heard Durbin. A strange warmth came to his heart. He afterward opened our mission work in India and in Mexico. Dr. Durbin drew the future Dr. Butler into the kingdom of heaven and the missionary work. What a host will follow the two in both worlds! Had he not been converted, that

could not have been. How important that the conversion was delayed no longer! In the year he was "born again" was also born the great Missionary Society he was to serve as the chief work of his life. They were preparing for each other.

It is a great society, almost perfect in its plans, and reaches round the world with its missionaries. Dr. Durbin more than any other man made it what it is. He seemed called of God and fitted by a plan unseen, running through all his life, for it. But he must have missed it had he not given his heart to God when a youth.

God is preparing fields and is swinging doors open for the readers of OUR YOUTH. Shall we miss or enter them? Settle it as did Durbin.

IN AN INDIAN CHURCH.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

ONE Sunday morning early in July, four of us sat on the veranda of the "Hotel Tacoma," killing time and mosquitoes. Below us lay the beautiful island-dotted expanse of Puget Sound, and away in the distance Mt. Tacoma held its snow-covered peak high above the heat in which we were suffering. This mountain is remarkable for having two names. The people of Tacoma call it Mt. Tacoma, but the inhabitants of Seattle, an enterprising town a few miles away, always refer to it as Mt. Rainier. The most intense rivalry exists between these two places. Those whom fate has made residents of Tacoma cannot for the life of them understand how any one endures existence in Seattle, while the advocates of the latter town are just as much mystified when one speaks of enjoying life in Tacoma. The impartial traveler thinks it strange that any one who has money enough to get away should care to stay in either place.

We have a line of these rival cities and towns stretching across our north-western States and Territories—St. Paul and Minneapolis, Moorhead and Fargo, Bismarck and Mandan, and Seattle and Tacoma.

The feeling is so intense that even the casual visitor is compelled to take sides. It is impossible to stay on the fence. As soon as the barber has securely placed you in his chair, he begins an attack on the rival town, and he is a brave man who contradicts the wielder of a gleaming razor. The hotel proprietor is so cordial, so accommodating, so glad to see you, so sorry to think that you have to go to that other town, that one finds himself saying something flattering before he knows it and goes away pledged to the support of one side.

On the morning in question we sat wondering aimlessly whether Seattle was hotter, dustier, fuller of gnats and mosquitoes than Tacoma, when a gentleman approached and asked if we did not want to attend service at the native Indian church. We said yes immediately. He remarked that it was only four miles. We said we didn't know whether we could get away or not. "Well, there's the church. You can do as you please. Your best way is to walk the track."

Following the direction of his finger we distinguished a small white object away over on the low-lands across an inlet of the Sound A branch of the Northern Pacific Road crossed the inlet by a bridge and took a distant course for the church. This was the track which our adviser suggested as the best route.

After some little debate, in which the heat and the distance were important questions, we decided to go, and forthwith took our way leisurely down the bluff and out onto the track. Any one who has walked on a railroad track knows that the ties are not placed at convenient intervals for the human race. If one steps upon each tie he is forced to assume a gait resembling that of a woman dressed in the height of the fashion; if he uses only the alternate ties, walking threatens dissolution. We hit upon the plan of walking on the rails, steadying ourselves by a stick held between the two pairs which made up our party.

At first it seemed as though the church was moving on faster than we, but at last we began to gain on it, and in a little over an hour we found ourselves perspiring freely at the door. We entered a building resembling an eastern district school-house. There were wooden pews in the body of the house, and running across the corners near the altar. It was a bright-looking congregation as far as dress was concerned. Countless colors were fighting each other on every hand, while the proud wearers sat in smiling unconsciousness of the conflict. The side-pews in front were occupied by the elders of the church, stolid, solemn-looking Indians. The rear seats were filled with tourists who like ourselves had been drawn hither by curiosity.

The silence, which our entrance broke for a moment, became painful, relieved only by the ticking of a clock which hung behind the pulpit. At length a well-dressed Indian, evidently the pastor, rose and announced a hymn which the native congregation forthwith began to mangle in a way that would have delighted their bloody-minded ancestors. Then followed a short prayer, like the hymn, in the Indian language. All bowed their heads in reverent silence.

The sermon was brief, and, for the benefit of the visitors, translated sentence by sentence into English. The preacher urged the importance of being Christians not only on Sunday but every day in the week, and talked about practical duties in a straight-forward, earnest way. He closed by saying that there were present men from a great distance who were interested in the cause of the Indians and who would doubtless be glad to speak to them. He was right. Several ministers signified a desire to address the reclaimed savages, and treated them to a number of protracted addresses, which the Indians bore with a truly noble fortitude. Not a muscle twitched, not an eye closed, no trace of emotion anywhere.

During the address of one brother an incident occurred which illustrated admirably the perfect stolidity, or perhaps self-control, of the Indian character. An ill-looking yellow cur, curved as to legs, short as to tail, and apparently the unhappy supporter of a large foreign population, came in at the open door, and with sundry snappings and scratchings approached the low platform on which the speaker stood. His dogship walked around the front of the pulpit, and stalked up behind the minister. Without betraying the slightest emotion one of the copper-colored elders on the front row of side seats cautiously extended an apparently telescopic leg, carefully put his toe under the unconscious dog, then suddenly raised the mongrel intruder clear from the platform and sent him howling out the door. Not even a smile followed what would have thrown an American church into convulsions. How near these partial heathen come sometimes to being well-bred!

The patience with which these Indians listened to their well-meaning but rather prosy visitors was remarkable, but it had its limits. The pastor had just announced another speaker, and a red-haired man from Michigan was clearing his throat and focusing his benevolent smile on his auditors, when the dog-dispelling deacon twitched at his coat-tails and pointed to the hour (12:45) with an "Ugh" that was fairly eloquent. That ended the meeting. A collection was taken, a benediction pronounced, and we went away full of admiration for Indian patience, and for Indian methods of indicating the point at which patience ceases to be a virtue.

HEATHENISM AT HOME.

ONLY a few blocks from Printing House Square in New York city is a heathen temple, where the Chinese deities are worshiped as in their own land. Mr. Forman thus describes it:

It is not an imposing-looking entrance; it opens directly upon a steep stair-way, and the only suggestive feature is a strip of red paper over the door-way which looks as if it was a label torn off a package of fire-crackers. It bears the name of "Joss," and tells the devoutly inclined Celestial that the temple is up stairs. Early last week the new interior fittings of the temple, the altar, tables, and chairs, arrived here from China and were put in place. Now the unpretending third floor con-

tains some of the finest specimens of Chinese art in this city. The altar is of carved ebony, practically a large frame for the picture of Joss and his attendant deities, executed on satin in the most elaborate style of Chinese art, and a heavy table for holding the incense-burners and votive offerings. As a whole the carvings represent the universe; along the bottom, under the table, is the sea, with fish, aquatic plants, and the huge turtle upon which, according to Chinese mythology, the earth is supposed to rest. From each side rise trees, shrubs, and heavily carved foliage, with birds and animals among the branches. The branches interlock over the top, and the whole is backed with heavy plate-glass mirrors, representing the heavens thickly studded with golden stars. The chairs and tables are in the same style of rich Oriental carving, and the room is lighted by carved lanterns hanging from the ceiling. The walls are hung with Chinese mottoes, the air is heavy with incense, and it is hard to believe that we are in New York and not in Cathay. The whole affair cost the Chinese residents of New York between $6,000 and $8,000, and is entirely self-supporting.

They have queer features in their religion, which was quaintly explained to me by the old priest in charge. I noticed that a large proportion of the worshipers would come in, make their obeisance to the altar, burn a few prayer sticks, and go out. Some, however, remained a longer time and gave the priest sums varying from twenty-five cents to a dollar. In response to my inquiry he said:

"A man can say all he wants to in three minutes, so he have three minutes for nothing; if he have good deal to say, he pay twenty-five cents for next three minutes, fifty for next three, and so on. No good to pray too long."

Then he added, after a moment's reflection:

"In Melican church man talks an hour and every body pray two hours or two hours and a half, then make collection beg to pay minister. Chinese way, 500 or 600 people pray two hours; we make two or three thousand dollar."

With its dingy exterior the Chinese of New York have now one of the most richly furnished places of worship in the city.

UNSELFISH.

Rev. Mr. Dall, who recently died in India, where he had been for years a successful missionary, was simple, earnest, and extremely unselfish. It is said that he rushed into his boarding-house one morning while the household were at breakfast, and crying out, "The worst case yet!" seized the platter of meat from the table, and hastened out to give it to a poor family whose sufferings had touched him:

When he went to Baltimore as a preacher, he took a house where there was a good opportunity for a garden, and being fond of flowers, he devoted much leisure time to the cultivation of the little spot. A woman lived next door who, for some reason, conceived an intense dislike for her neighbor, and missed no opportunity to annoy him. Among other things she persisted in throwing refuse over the fence into Mr. Dall's garden, greatly to its detriment, despite his repeated protestations couched in the friendliest words. Mr. Dall's garden, however, flourished and finally blossomed. Gathering the first flowers, which were exceptionally beautiful, the minister made a bouquet, went to his neighbor's door, and asked for the lady. She came with an astonished scowl, but when he, with a friendly smile, extended his hand with the flowers, begging her to accept the first products of his garden, she was taken aback. After that she was one of Mr. Dall's most devoted friends.

DELIYANNIS AND HIS DOG.

The Vienna "Fremdenblatt" gives an anecdote of the Greek ex-Premier Deliyannis, whose name has appeared frequently in connection with the Eastern Question:

He is a great lover of dogs, and he had one which was as dear to him as the famous Reichshund to Chancellor Bismarck. When he was crossing from the Piræus to Constantinople on board an English steamer, the dog fell into the water. Deliyannis entreated the captain to stop the vessel in order that he might rescue his dog.

"Impossible," replied the captain; "my orders are strict. I dare not stop even if it were a man instead of a dog overboard."

"Good!" laconically answered the Greek, and at the same time he sprang over the ship's side, and swam for his dog.

The sequel may be guessed. The English sailor could not resist such a spectacle of bravery, and in spite of his strict orders he stopped his ship and saved both the man and the dog.

CATS CARED FOR.

The good people of Boston are no longer compelled, when leaving home for the summer, to give up their favorite cats to the tender mercies of street boys and tomato cans. "The Transcript" tells of the comfortable home which is provided for all homeless cats of quality. It is in the Brighton district, and not far from Harvard College:

This summer the Sheltering Home for Animals at Brighton has opened a department for the care of homeless and abandoned cats, and if those about to leave the city wishing to dispose of their cats will send to the superintendent at the "Home" on Lake Street, Brighton, he will send in return a coupon which will enable the owner of a cat to send the animal by express to the shelter. All animals received into the shelter are provided as soon as practicable with good homes and kind masters; in the meantime they are allowed the freedom of the exercise yards, and have the best of care and good food. Any one desiring a domesticated cat may apply for such an animal. This humane settling of the vexed question, "What to do with the cat?" has been taken advantage of by many grateful owners of valued grimalkins, and the population of the cat-yard at the Sheltering Home at Brighton is already assuming an interesting aspect from the number and variety of its inmates. This Sheltering Home for Animals is carried on the same plan as its prototype in Paris, and offers hospitality to all homeless and abandoned animals, either in health or sickness. The care of a veterinary surgeon is given those whose cases require such attention, and no animal is killed unless it is incurable. This comforting and beautiful work of benevolence is maintained through the liberality of a wealthy lady.

VEIL VS. VOLCANO.

The same credulity which led the Roman Catholics of Montreal to trust their medals and relics of St. Roche and to mob the health officers during the small-pox epidemic of last year is painfully illustrated in the following letter from Sicily, printed in the "San Francisco Bulletin:"

Immense volumes of smoke issued from Ætna's sixteen new craters, and we were half-deafened by the infernal cannonade. On the way to Nicolosi, a beautiful drive of ten miles, the villages through which we passed were thronged with peasants waiting to see the archbishop and St. Agatha's veil of glory. In 1669 the waving of this veil, it is claimed, turned the lava stream, fourteen miles in length and two in breadth, away from Catania, thus saving the city from destruction. Chronicles relate that the veil worn by St. Agatha when she was burned at the stake, 252 A.D., was untouched by the flames; hence its influence over earthquakes and eruptions.

At Nicolosi, while waiting for our mules to take us to the lava-beds, the veil arrived. As the landau, drawn by milk-white horses, containing the archbishop, three other pillars of the church, and a small, gray silk package, approached, the air was rent with "*Evviva la Madonna! Evviva Santa Agata!*" The band played. Little girls dressed in white strewed flowers before the horses, that sank at each step five or six inches in freshly fallen cinders. Life-size, highly-colored wooden statues of the Archangel Michael and his dragon, and St. Anthony, each carried by some twenty men, accompanied by their priests, met the archbishop and his precious burden and conducted them to the church, where the old and infirm on their knees fervently besought the blessed St. Agatha to save their homes, their fields, their lives. Five girls, overcome by their conflicting emotions, fainted, but eventually revived under the comforting influence of Bozeo—the wine of the country. Old men and women, young men and maidens, all were in tears, and their cries for aid and mercy drowned at times the mighty trembling beneath great Ætna.

The lava flow spent its force and stopped a few hundred yards from the village, thus confirming the superstitions of the poor peasants.

AN ALASKAN FIRE-BRIGADE.

Lieut. Fred. Schwatka, who is exploring Alaska on a commission from the "New York Times," gives the following amusing incident in relation to one characteristic of the Alaskan Indians:

At Howken Indian village in the southernmost part of this tide-water strip of Alaska, the few white people who had gathered here for trading and other purposes organized a fire-brigade from the Hydah men, and the spare coal-oil cans were improvised into fire buckets for the embryo firemen. Several drills were given, and from the result much good was predicted in case of a conflagration. In the course of a few weeks after the organization of the company, a few of them came to the white men and asked permission to buy a drum and a few other melodious instruments for the members. As it was supposed to be for the purpose of whiling away their monotonous leisure whenever they had a prolonged fire meeting, it was voted a good thing, and the permission with a small donation of cash was given them. The first fire that took place was in the smoke-escape chimney (a mere hole in the roof continued up on the outside as a chimney and a little way down on the inside) of an Indian's house, and it was discovered by a white man, who gave the alarm. The white man also rushed to the house, wherein a single Indian was found, who was at once dispatched to turn out the frontier firemen as rapidly as possible, while the white man turned his attention to the small blaze in the chimney, aided by the very small amount of water at hand. He did not make very rapid progress, but luckily the fire did not make any faster as he fought it. Each Indian that appeared was immediately sent post-haste for the fire company, that for some unaccountable reason did not put in an appearance. Another white man or two coming to the first one's relief, the fire was soon put out, and then the white men sallied forth to investigate the action of their Hydah allies. At the farther end of the long village, stretched along the beach, the company was seen coming, their band at their head, making the welkin ring with unwelcome music, and each and every man in his very best suit of savage clothes that they had all rushed to put on when they first heard the alarm of fire, and which donned they had formed behind the band to march in procession to the fire.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

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THE conversation took place between Nat and Arthur concerning prayer as a help in the solving of mathematical problems. Nat was troubled about himself, his weakened faith, his increasing doubt, and his impatient spirit. He shrank from further conversation with his believing and courageous friend, and yet was drawn into it. Indeed, there was something in him which impelled him to talk. Two powers struggled within for mastery. He seemed the servant of each in turn. The one would have made him an unbeliever, the other would have brought him to his friend, tearful and eager to know the truth. Life is a struggle. In young hearts the contest begins. Few of us who have passed into mature life realize the conflict that goes on in the secret lives of our young friends. Well for them if light disperses the darkness, and if, out of doubt, they come into faith.

"How is it possible for a prayer to solve a mathematical problem?" asked Nat. "I do not assert," answered Arthur, "that prayer can, or that it is designed to, save us from intellectual effort, nor that it will make an obtuse or untrained mind clear and strong. Prayer is not a labor-saving device."

"Of what use, then, is prayer, according to your theory? Why should men pray if no good comes of it?"

"That I have not said," replied Arthur. "Can you study as well before you have washed out your eyes in the morning as after a good, cool, stimulating bath? Can you study as well if you have come to school without your breakfast as you can when well fed? Can you do as well on a mathematical problem when your mind is ill at ease because of some calamity you dread, or because of some bad thing you have done, or of some tide of vexation or anger or jealousy that sweeps over you? Is there no help to be found in circumstances or states of mind, as well as in direct hints as to what particular process you are to follow in a mathematical operation? Now, I claim," continued Arthur, "that if a washed face, a healthy and well-filled stomach, and a well-balanced mental state are conditions favorable to intellectual effort, one may secure corresponding conditions by prayer, so that he will be better fitted to face difficulties, promote self-command, concentrate attention, and thus keep and use his mental powers at their best."

"How," asked Nat, "can prayer put a fellow into what you call 'favorable conditions?'" To this question Arthur replied: "Prayer to God implies the thought of God in the mind, which is itself a steadying influence, giving weight and balance and dignity to the soul. A man who really believes in God must be less frivolous and flippant than an unbeliever. Prayer to God implies such conscious relations to God that one who thinks of God as his Father must have more self-respect and must do every thing more effectively. Prayer is breathing. Prayer is heart-beat. When a man lives in the spirit of prayer he has light in his inner world. He has strength coming to him from tonic spiritual atmospheres. He has greater calmness and self-control. He sees more clearly the true relations of things. He is put at his best as a thinker, and this is a great help in all thinking processes. The fact is, Nat, that a boy who *truly* prays in connection with his studies lives in a larger world and under a clearer sky and in a more invigorating atmosphere than one who is shut up to the little limited world of flesh and sense. I do not mean to say that this is true of every thing that is called prayer; but it is true of that steady habit of mind which acknowledges God, spiritual existence, and immortal life. Just as a fellow can study better in a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated room, where every thing is perfectly quiet, than he can in a damp, dingy dungeon, amidst the jeers and shouts of a drunken rabble. I do not claim that, in answer to prayer, an arithmetical combination or application becomes perfectly clear to the mind without close and connected thought on the part of the student, but I do claim that the state and habit of mind promoted by genuine faith in God and a true desire to live a true life will put a man at his best for any work which he is appointed to do. Therefore I regard the insinuation of our teacher as being quite as unphilosophical as it was irreverent and contemptible. He was false in his theory as he was mean in his assault."

NAT listened attentively to the forcible argument of his friend Arthur. The boy's fine face seemed all aglow with enthusiasm, and there came into Nat's mind the thought that he who believes in God and orders all the details of his life in harmony with the idea of God has an advantage over the mind that walks in the shadow of atheism. There was one thing, however, that troubled Nat, and he said: "But this doctrine of prayer involves 'special providence,' and against this theory I have a strong feeling." "As to special providence," said Arthur, "I give myself no trouble. My father is the proprietor of a great mill. He is a mill manager and my father. There are some things which he does in one way, and some things which he does in another way. But whether his action be systematic and in subordination to one order of things, or spontaneous and in harmony with another order of things, he is all the while my father. I do not perplex myself about his methods. He is my father, and the turning of the wheels, the humming of the spindles, the steady movement of the machinery, the systematic management of the office, do not interfere with his kind feelings and intentions toward me, nor prevent his grasping my hand, the affectionate patting on the head, or a good romp now and then in the yard. My father's whole life and management are in my interest, so far as that interest is in the interest of others whom he loves as he loves me, and in the interest of those whom he may love less. But the question of special providence never enters my mind. God is my Father and knows what to do and how to do it. His movement in harmony with law, his control of physical facts and forces, do not prevent the lighting up of my heart with his love, the chidings of his Spirit when I do wrong, or the sweet assurances of his perpetual and unchanging love for me. By this line of thought I am saved from all solicitude, and I would

rather doubt the existence of the sun than doubt the existence of God, and I would as easily be induced to trust to a candle in a cellar for the quickening influence of light as to live in the glooms of doubt and atheism. This life is worth nothing if there be no God. Love is a mockery. Human friendships and relationships are empty and meaningless unless they are the shadows of love immortal. To me it makes a great difference, therefore, when I attempt to solve a mathematical or any other problem, whether I have my soul open to God or closed to all the ministries of his strength and peace."

"I met the other day an incident," said Nat, "which puzzled me and seemed positively to contradict the theory of divine providence. A boy found on the ground under a tree a little bird which had fallen from its nest. Through pity he picked it up and climbed the tree in order to replace it in its nest. In attempting to do this he fell and broke his leg and lay for weeks in great pain. Now, if there be any reason at all in the doctrine of divine providence, why should such a calamity have befallen a boy who was trying to do a useful thing? This perplexes me greatly."

We shall next week give Arthur's reply to this question.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for August 22, 1886. WARNING TO JUDAS AND PETER.—John 13. 21–38. GOLDEN TEXT.—1 Cor. 10. 12.

PREFATORY. The storm is gathering. It will burst on the bruised head and broken heart of the King of Calvary. In human sorrow he goes to his doom. Every source of human comfort must fail him. Judas is to betray him; Simon Peter to deny him. It is in this time of the approaching agony in the city of Jerusalem that we see the Master and King with his disciples.

INTERROGATORY. Where was Jesus at this time? What gave him trouble? To what did he testify? To what disciple is reference made in verse 23? Why should Simon Peter refer this question to John? What answer did Jesus give to John's question? State Jesus's reply? What is meant by a "sop?" What preparation had Judas for his foul work? What did Jesus say to him? What did those at the table suppose Jesus meant? Read carefully and thoughtfully verses 31–35. What question did Peter ask? Give Jesus's answer. What illustration in verses 37, 38 of human self-ignorance? Recite the Golden Text.

HOMILY. When a small lake is agitated by the winds, however long or fiercely these winds may blow, the waves cannot be very high or strong; but when on the great ocean wild tempests press for days against the yielding sea, there rise huge waves—mountain high—types of unrest and grief. Human sorrow at its heaviest is but the tossing of a lakelet as compared with the grief of Jesus when "he was troubled in spirit." It is hard for us to understand the various grounds of the sorrow of Christ. He had such insight into human character, human sin, human peril, human danger; such a high appreciation of law and holiness, and the infinite worth of righteousness, that when he saw human sin he suffered a divine sorrow. What others might never have cared for seemed to rack his soul with agony. That there should be a human soul base enough to betray him was one secret of his present distress. The disciples did not so thoroughly understand Judas as to be able to fix on him at once the crime predicted. They doubted "of whom he spoke." What a picture there is of the disciple leaning on Jesus's bosom, and Simon Peter (knowing how intimate were John and the Master) beckoning the nearest to ask an explanation. How softly John must have whispered the question, "Lord, who is it?" And how softly must Jesus have given reply concerning the sop and the dipping and the giving. What a sharp contrast between John and Judas—the black thunder-cloud—the clear and sunny sky; the spirit of Satan, full of lust and covetousness—the spirit of devotion, full of tenderness and grace. To the foul fraud at the feast, prepared by his own deliberate choice of self for the entering in and dominion of Satan, Jesus said, in short, sharp, positive way, "That thou doest, do quickly." Those at the table could not understand the command, but *he* understood it, and he "went immediately out." How appropriate to the dreadful picture that added clause, "and it was night." It was night to the Master in his agony of pity; night to the disciples as the forewarning shadows fell upon them; night to the wretched criminal who went out to his vile deed and to his disgraceful death.

From the selfish Judas, turn to the loving and devoted Jesus! The atmosphere was purified when the fiend "was gone out." Jesus knowing the end and the deep reason for all the experiences of his life, past, present, and to come, was able to say: "Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him." He turned away from earth to heaven, from Satan to God; from the human shadows to divine glory. God is glorified always by souls who live for him; by souls who live in love; by souls who give up every thing for his pleasing. Then did the Christ turn from the thought of the divine glory to the grief of the little group of disciples about him. "Ye shall seek me, and as I said unto the Jews, whither I go ye cannot come." What should he leave with them to comfort them in this bereavement? What better than the "new commandment"—"Love one another;" "As I have loved you that you also love one another."

Now for a picture of human intensity, enthusiasm, and resolve, all of which elements were only human. Peter received undoubtedly from John the sign by which the betrayer was to be detected. He undoubtedly saw the dipping of the sop, and understood the command of Jesus, "That thou doest, do quickly," and listened to the lofty thought of Jesus concerning the glorifying of the Son of man, and felt the keen anguish of anticipated bereavement, and received unto his susceptible soul the full significance of the divine charge, "Love one another." In the glow of his enthusiasm, through the purest motives, he pledged everlasting loyalty to Christ even to the sacrifice of life. But poor Peter did not understand himself; and Jesus, by the terrible prediction, "Thou shalt deny me," prepared the way for an after revelation to Peter of his own utter helplessness in spite of pure motives, tender heart, and true desire. Thanks be unto God for the grace that came to Peter after he had discovered his own insufficiency, and the grace that made him a loyal, and courageous, and unflinching disciple of Jesus down to the very days of martyrdom!

PRAYER. O Thou, who knowest the baseness of the human heart left to the power of Satan, and the weakness of the human heart left to the dominion of Self, do Thou, we beseech Thee, save us from the power of both Satan and Self, and help us to glorify Thee, that God may be glorified in Thee and in us. May we love one another, that men may know that we are Thy disciples; and may we be saved from denying Thee, and remember our own nothingness, that thus we may be led to trust Thine own all-sufficiency. And this we ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

THE depths of New York politics are unfathomable. The annals of the Tweed ring have not the equal of the letter which Commissioner Squire is said to have written to contractor Flynn, placing the business of his public office in the latter's hands in return for political influence.

THIS letter, if genuine, is a startling disclosure. A candidate for an office of the highest responsibility agrees beforehand to betray the trust. And he does it apparently without wincing. There are no smooth phrases to conceal the iniquity—the words of the bargain are few and to the point.

THIS letter, barefaced as it is, consorts well with the attitude of certain New York aldermen during the recent investigation of the Broadway bribery case. They may be innocent—only one of them has been proved otherwise—but they seemed to be indifferent to the wickedness of the act of which they were accused, while fully alive to the consequences of discovery. The crime as they saw it consisted only in being found out.

WHEN Judge Deming, of New Haven, sentenced Terence Butler to jail for sixty days for wife-beating, he said: "I have always advocated the establishment of a whipping-post for the benefit of such men as Butler. If he could be taken out on the green and given twenty good sharp lashes, he would go home and be a man."

A TEACHER of our acquaintance sometimes orders desks cleared and gives up a few minutes to a novel exercise. Taking for his subject some neighboring building or other familiar object, he asks the pupils to describe it in detail. By asking questions of one pupil and another he learns how well they have developed the faculty for observation.

THIS faculty of seeing carefully, of seeing and remembering—of observation, in short—is precious. Two persons see a monument or a mountain; one writes an account of it which makes it real to his readers, or he entertains a social gathering with his story of its grandeur. His companion saw the same objects, but he did not *observe* them, and now listens in wonderment at the details which escaped his eye.

IN this summer sight-seeing time you can store up delightful scenes if you will but cultivate this observing faculty. You can thus make your vacation more lasting and profitable to yourself, and full of pleasure to others.

BUT the greater part of the courage that is needed in the world is not of a heroic kind. Courage may be displayed in every-day life as well as in historic fields of action. There needs, for example, the common courage to be honest—the courage to resist temptation—the courage to speak the truth—the courage to be what we really are, and not to pretend to be what we are not—the courage to live honestly within our means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others.—*Anon.*

WE have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to be done for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will, and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.—*Ruskin.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

We conclude our extracts from the English magazine, giving an account of the men who belonged to the "Oxford Club."

George Whitefield was born at Gloucester, 1714. His mother kept the Bell Inn. He tells us that, when young, he was "addicted to lying, filthy talking, and jesting;" that he was "a Sabbath-breaker, a theater-goer, a card-player, and a romance reader." Brought up at the grammar school, he was remarkable there for his retentive memory. At the age of fifteen he went to help his mother; and, as he himself says, "I put on my blue apron, washed cups, cleaned rooms, and, in a word, became a professed common drawer for nigh a year and a half." His mother retiring from business, he afterward, through the interest of friends, entered Oxford as a servitor at Pembroke. He was then eighteen years of age. At Oxford he gave himself up to mysticism and asceticism. He says: "I always chose the worst sort of food. I fasted twice a week. My apparel was mean. I thought it unbecoming a penitent to have his hair powdered. I wore woolen gloves, a patched gown, and dirty shoes; and though I was convinced that the kingdom of God did not consist in meat and drink, yet I resolutely persisted in these voluntary acts of self-denial, because I found in them great promotion of the spiritual life." At the age of twenty-two he was ordained by Bishop Benson, of Gloucester, and preached his first sermon in his native town. Under that first sermon it was reported to the bishop that fifteen persons were driven mad. After desultory work in various parts, he went on the invitation of the Wesleys to Georgia, where he took charge of the orphan house at Savannah. Returning to England, he found the churches one by one closed against him. Accordingly, being at Kingswood, he preached to the colliers in the open air, and with wonderful success. From that time for thirty-one years, with scarcely an interruption, did he continue his apostolic labors, preaching in season and out of season, in the open air and under shelter, from the pulpit, the wagon, the horse-block, on grassy mound and beneath the spreading tree, while wondering thousands listened and owned the man to be sent of God. It is computed that during those thirty-one years he preached eighteen thousand times. He visited Scotland fourteen times, America seven, and Ireland twice. Worn out, he died at the age of fifty-six, at Newburyport, in America, on the 29th of September, 1770. Preaching his funeral sermon, Mr. Wesley said, at City Road: "Have we read or heard of any person who called so many thousands, so many myriads, of sinners to repentance? Above all, have we heard or read of any one who has been the blessed instrument of bringing so many sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God?"

John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield stand in the very forefront of those who were the members of this Oxford Society.

This was the famous Holy Club of Oxford, the first Methodist Mutual Improvement Society. Its members belonged to no particular party, neither were they men possessed of wealth. Their force of character and their sincerity were transparent. John Wesley, however, was the one who possessed the most commanding intellect. Whitefield had wonderful oratorical power—perhaps in this respect he has never been surpassed; but he achieved no position as a student, and he was sadly lacking in the logical faculty. Charles Wesley was a man of strong opinions; but he was self-contradictory, desultory in his habits, and so intensely conservative as to destroy his influence and warp his judgment.

Benjamin Ingham was tender-spirited, devotedly pious, with a faculty for organization, but unstable in his judgments. James Hervey entirely lacked the physical vigor necessary for taking any leading position in the work of the country's reformation. John Wesley alone possessed the combination of qualities necessary for the highest kind of greatness; he was a student, a logician, an orator, an administrator. Absolutely conscientious, devotedly pious, intensely practical—he was a born leader of the people.

The results of the formation of this society have reached the very ends of the earth. A branch of Christ's Church has arisen out of it that has spread with a rapidity almost unknown in religious history; and a vast ecclesiastical system, comprehensive in its organization, and full of regard for the smallest detail, has been built up, in the whole of which may be traced the molding hand of John Wesley. Charles Wesley's hymns describe every state of Christian experience, and in the Church of God have comforted the mourning, guided the penitent, and fanned the piety of the holy, from the time they were written until now. Benjamin Ingham's societies and John Gambold's pious judgment and influence tended to keep alive the godliness of the Moravian churches at a time when that godliness was seriously imperiled. To the devotions and labors of the first Methodists we owe the revival of religion in the Church of England and the formation of Lady Huntingdon's Connection; while Whitefield's influence galvanized into life the decaying Independent Churches. And who can tell the effect for good produced by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, when, under the influence of Thomas Broughton, Wales was supplied with Bibles in the Welsh language and the Isle of Man in Manx? *How different might all this have been if, instead of giving themselves up to study, prayer, and Christian work, they had idled their time in useless discussions and foolish diversions!* The stream of godly influence which, rising at Oxford, has flowed on for one hundred and fifty years, deepening and widening as it has flowed, might have been choked before any spiritual effect was made upon either the Church or the world; and then, to all human appearance, infidelity, corruption, and rude brutality would have brought to the verge of desolation all lands where the English language is spoken.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

Political Economy—Exchange.

We come now to the third great division of political economy, which is, perhaps, more interesting than either production or distribution. The history of exchange is as old as the history of the world. The fundamental principle of exchange is this: One man wants something that another man has, and, in order to get it, the first man must give the second something that the latter wants. 'Exchange in its simplest form is known as "barter," and "money," used in so many loose and inexact ways, should be strictly defined as a "medium of exchange." A practical example will illustrate the points which we wish to make with reference to the exchange of wealth.

When Mr. Benly's family first settled on their prairie farm, a great many of their commodities were purchased from the store at the railway station in exchange for wheat from the farm. And again, when the broom factory was started, supplies were bought at the store and paid for in brooms. This was simply "barter." Mr. Benly gave one thing and got another for it. This is the way the Indians used to carry on their trade before they invented a system of money.

The objections to barter are obvious at once in any sort of advanced civilization. Suppose a man has a pair of shoes which he does not care for, but is very anxious for a coat which he needs. Now, in order to adjust matters satisfactorily, he must go searching about for a man who wants a pair of shoes and who has a coat which he is willing to dispose of. It seems obvious that if we all secured our wardrobes in this fashion we should have a very slow and difficult task before us.

Most of Mr. Benly's purchases were made by means of money. He sold his wheat in Chicago, and with some of the money which he received for it he bought commodities. Now it is easy to see that this was the same as exchanging his wheat for the commodities; but by this plan he avoided all the trouble of finding the men who were anxious to dispose of their commodities for wheat. Money, then, in its simplest form, is simply a convenience for exchanging wealth. The Indians used to make money of wampum, a kind of shells strung on strings, and highly polished. This passed for money with them, and the man who held a great deal of wampum was wealthy, not because the wampum itself was intrinsically valuable, but because it could purchase whatever he pleased. Money represents wealth. Money is not wealth by our definition of wealth. In the northern part of our Western States, and in Canada, even to this day the skins of animals are used as money. A beaver skin is worth so many fox skins, and so on. A man goes into a store, throws down a beaver skin in payment for something, and gets his change back in fox skins. Many devices have been employed by men for effecting exchanges easily, and in this way our money has been perfected. Next week we shall take up carefully the subject of money.

As we have shown, exchange is the means of satisfying the wants of men. We may suppose half the human race anxious for one thing which the other half possess, and the second half equally anxious for something which the first half possess. If each man of one party effects an exchange with a corresponding man of the other party, the wants of all will in this way be satisfied. Unfortunately for the smooth working of this case, the wants of the race are not concentrated upon two articles, but their desires are as numerous as the different forms of wealth can offer; so that the satisfying of these many desires becomes a most complicated matter, and the elaborate system of exchange which has been perfected during the last two hundred years of the world's history is an indication of the mechanism which is required to meet this want.

There used to be a strange idea among ancient people as to the nature of a bargain. For a long time it was held that one of the parties to a trade must be a loser. For instance, if a man traded his horse for a cow and received in addition some other commodity, the man who received the "boot" was supposed to have gained an advantage over the other; but a glance at the case will show that in any bargain both men gain, and therefore there can be nothing unfair about trade, as at one time some supposed. One man trades a pair of boots for a hat. He wants the boots just as much as the other man wants the hat. So both are satisfied and neither loses. The system of exchange is, as has been hinted, a most complicated one, and we cannot follow it in all its branches, but next time we shall describe the character of money, and, following that, give a slight idea of how money may be transferred from one country to another with almost lightning speed.

It takes a great deal of grace to be able to bear praise. Censure seldom does us much hurt. A man struggles up against slander, and the discouragement which comes of it may not be an unmixed evil; but praise soon suggests pride, and is therefore not an unmixed good.—*Spurgeon.*

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

An African Game.

The sport known as catching the greased pig was once a popular one in the rural districts of England and America, and it is not yet entirely extinct. A traveler in Central Asia describes a game much more radical though somewhat similar. We cannot conscientiously advise our readers to take up this sport:

"As we approached Yany-Kurgan, we saw what looked in the distance like a company of Cossacks exercising, but on nearer approach proved to be a hundred or more of natives playing their favorite game of *Kŏk-Bari*, or gray wolf. It was market-day, and on such occasions when horsemen congregate, a goat or a kid is good-naturedly seized upon, belonging to one who has had some piece of good fortune, and the animal is killed.

"The president of the game then takes his position, if possible, near some steep or elevated place, and hands the goat to a horseman, who dashes down the slope at the risk of breaking his neck, and is immediately pursued by the field, each of whom tries to snatch away the goat before the man can bring it back to the president.

"Men of various ages were on the ground, and some had mounted their boys before them to see the fun, which was in some respects not unlike a game of foot-ball. The race goes on till the carcass is torn in pieces, whereupon it 'goes to pot,' and is boiled for a feast. Then the company is ready to seize another goat and commence again."

Another Camping Party.

Editor of Our Youth:

You have asked for reports from camping parties, and we send you a short account of our camp on Tionesta Creek, Forest County, Pa. Our party consists of eight young ladies, two chaperones, and a number of young men varying with the demands of business from eight to twelve. We are encamped in a lovely glen a dozen miles from any railroad, and unlike Cicero's our studies do not "go into the country with us." We have three large tents, two serving as dormitories, and the third as a dining-room.

The kitchen is a board shanty provided with a sheet-iron stove. In front of the dining tent a bunch of bananas is suspended from the limb of a tree, giving a tropical tone to the vegetation, and offering rarely resisted temptation to the always hungry camper. Then there are hammocks, which under certain circumstances are much more attractive than the bananas.

Work is a bugbear in camp. The whole object of the expedition being to escape work, this is not to be wondered at. In order that labor may be more systematically shirked we have divided the party into three committees. To one the preparation of breakfast is assigned as a task, to another dinner, and to the third supper. The plan succeeds admirably, and the young man never realizes what an artistic thing domestic life must be until he sees a pretty young lady bending over a fire, face flushed and eyes dancing, as she makes imperious demands for butter, eggs, and coffee. We hunt little and get nothing, fish for fun and catch little else, but we are having a jolly time, and really do not care whether we are camping scientifically and artistically or not. Yours truly,

Camp Hazelton.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—III.

By Mary H. Mather.

The second meeting of the K. D. S. was marked by a punctuality in attendance that spoke well for the interest of the members, and three of the Katies turned expectant faces toward Katherine as she took from the table a letter and began:

"My information came to me in Cousin Sue's last letter from college, for she says:

"'I suppose that you girls already know all about the Audubon Society, but you must let me tell you what a good time we had at the last meeting of our branch, as it is called. We had with us Mr. John Burroughs, the prose-poet, who talked to us so charmingly of birds and their haunts that on the spot we determined to become acquainted with his books.

"'At the close of the meeting our president distributed copies of a little magazine called "Laws of Life," containing the article which I inclose to you. You may find it useful in your chapter sometime.'"

"But we haven't any chapter, and I haven't an idea what the Audubon Society is," said Kate.

"Wait till you hear the article," answered Katherine, and she read:

"'Think What a Price to Pay.

"'Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung—
Bared just for that!

"'Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world;
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled—
Women want that!

"'O, but the shame of it,
O, but the blame of it,
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet—
Death; and for that!'

"'Science,' one of our exchanges, recently devoted a seven-page supplement to a series of papers by different authors, designed to further the object of societies which have been formed in England and America for the protection of birds. Alas, that through the thoughtlessness of women, who are, or ought to be, the natural protectors of every thing delicate, beautiful, and defenseless, such a publication should be necessary! But if the following startling facts gleaned from it awaken the readers of 'The Laws' to a consciousness that

'Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart,'

it will not have been in vain. While from the beginning of the study of ornithology in this country up to the present time less than five hundred thousand North American birds have been sacrificed to science, more than five million are *annually* killed for decoration! A million rails and bobolinks in a single month were killed near Philadelphia for the same purpose! Think, dear young lady, of silencing a bobolink's song that you may ornament your bonnet with his tiny body or delicate wings! One small village on Long Island sent *seventy thousand* bird-skins last summer to New York.

"'Among the smaller birds,' says Mr. Dutcher, who furnishes an article on 'Destruction of Bird Life in the Vicinity of New York,' 'it is, naturally, the brighter colored species that furnish most of the victims, especially the orioles, tanagers, grosbeaks, cedar wax-wings, blue-birds, meadow-larks—O, to think of it!—and golden-headed woodpeckers. No even approximate estimate can be given of the number sacrificed. Only their conspicuous abundance on hats and bonnets and the greatly decreased numbers of living birds attest the slaughter to which they are subjected.'

"Will not every woman who learns for the first time of this 'very St. Bartholomew of Birds,' refuse to be instrumental in silencing one bird-song to gratify her love for personal adornment? It is but a shallow excuse, though the best which can be offered, by which men generously seek to palliate this fault. For thoughtlessness on the part of women toward any thing so beautiful and innocent and joy-giving as our feathered songsters is in itself a crime, especially so when its only object is to minister to the gratification of personal vanity. In 'The Birds of Killingworth' the gentle-hearted poet tells us some of the unpleasant consequences of such wholesale slaughter, which perhaps some persons will better appreciate than the irreparable loss of bird-music:

"'The summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

"'Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk;
The endless theme of all the village talk.'

"A society, named after the great naturalist J. J. Audubon, has been organized for the purpose of fostering an interest for the protection of wild birds from destruction for millinery and other commercial purposes. The head-quarters of the society are at 40 Park Row, New York city. It invites the co-operation of persons in every part of the country."

"I never dreamed of such a thing," exclaimed Kate. "How terrible!"

"And I have a hat with a whole row of little birds on it," sighed Kitty.

"Now I move," went on Katherine, "that we accept the invitation and 'co-operate' to the best of our ability."

"And get others to do likewise," added Katrina.

"Agreed!" said Kate, "and let Katherine be a committee of one to attend to the same."

"Get all the information you can and report as soon as possible," said Katrina, "and in the meantime let me produce my item. Behold and see!"

The Katies gave in concert a sniff and an "O," and then exclaimed as with one voice,

"A balsam pillow!"

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Dutch East Indies.

(Area, 636,329 sq. miles; population, 27,784,959; ruler, Governor-General O. Van Rees.)

MOST of the great islands which lie between Asia and Australia, with the neighboring smaller groups, belong to the European kingdom of the Netherlands, and form a colonial empire second only to that of Great Britain. Java, the third in size of these possessions, is easily first in population and value. A ridge of high volcanic mountains extends throughout the length of the island, giving rise to short and rapid rivers which moisten the soil of the lowlands. The tropical climate, hot and moist, the extreme fertility of the soil, the abundance of laborers, and most of all the system of administration, make Java a treasure-house for its Dutch owners. The home government claims ownership of the soil, and the natives are obliged to work one day in seven for the government and to plant a certain portion of their land with such crops as the officials may direct. The product is sold in Europe. Coffee is the staple, and is exported in immense quantities. Sugar, rice, indigo, and tobacco are also exported. The island of Banca has rich tin mines, and Borneo, Celebes, and the lesser islands produce a large part of the world's supply of spices. The people are mostly of the Malay race and profess the Mohammedan religion. Many Chinese have settled in the towns. The chief commercial city of the group is Batavia. Order is maintained by an armed force of 30,000 men and a navy of 100 vessels. The rank and file is made up of volunteers from every race, but the officers in the service are Europeans. The governor-general has extensive powers in making as well as executing the laws. The commerce of the islands is monopolized by the Netherlands Trading Company, which is the agent for buying and importing government supplies, as well as for exporting the colonial produce for sale in Europe. There are in these islands 450 miles of railways and 3,680 miles of telegraph lines. Steamers ply regularly among the islands and between Batavia and Europe. The Australian cable touches at Java and Sumatra.

The merchants of Portugal early discovered the richness of these islands and attempted to gain a footing here in the sixteenth century. In 1595 the Dutch aided the natives against the Portuguese, and thus opened the way for themselves. By 1677 the Dutch were well established in Java. When France absorbed the Netherlands Great Britain made a descent on the Dutch possessions every-where, seizing Java in 1811. But the Congress of Vienna restored it to its former proprietors. Since 1830 the profits of the island have been enormous under the careful system of administration. Slavery existed here until 1860, when it was abolished by the Netherlands Parliament.

Sumatra has a similar history, except that the Dutch conquest of the extreme northern end of the island is less complete. The greater part of Borneo is Dutch, but Great Britain occupies two fertile provinces on the northern coast. Woods are the principal productions of this island, which still retains some of its early inhabitants—the savage Dyaks. Celebes is in a more advanced condition; the Dutch have occupied this island for two hundred years, and have found parts of it very productive. The coffee of this island is considered to be finer than that of Java.

Samuel Jones Tilden.

SAMUEL JONES TILDEN, of New York, one of the leaders of the Democratic Party, died suddenly at his country residence, near Yonkers, on the Hudson, Aug. 4. Mr. Tilden was born at New Lebanon, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1814. His education was of the best that the period afforded, and after leaving college he studied law. He grew up in an atmosphere of politics and took deep interest in the public questions of the day. While achieving unusual success in his profession, he gave some of his best efforts to forward the interests of his party, working with apparent unselfishness for Democratic candidates and principles. In 1845 Mr. Tilden represented a city district in the Assembly, but from that time until 1870 he followed the law with a degree of fidelity which placed him in the front rank and won for him an abundant fortune. In 1871 he re-entered politics, and with O'Conor and other public-spirited citizens broke up the corrupt Tweed ring which had been plundering the New York city treasury unhindered. In 1875 he became governor of New York, and his successful warfare against the "canal ring" gave him a national reputation as the representative of reform. In 1876 he was nominated for president. The result is well remembered. In several Southern States rival electors claimed recognition, and the constitutional provisions for determining the result failed utterly. At this crisis Congress agreed to the establishment of an electoral commission of fifteen to hear and determine disputed cases. The commission decided every disputed case in favor of the Republican candidates. Congress finally accepted the verdict, and Hayes and Wheeler were declared elected. The Democratic candidates had received a large majority of the popular vote, and their supporters believed that they were fraudulently excluded from their rightful place. In 1880 the Democratic convention again asked Mr. Tilden to be its candidate for the presidency, but he declined. From that time he remained in retirement, but his influence with his party was all-powerful, and every utterance of the "sage of Greystone" was received with respectful attention. He led men coldly, by the force of his intellect rather than by those personal qualities which usually draw men around a champion. But his authority was unquestioned, and his party followed confidently when he held the standard.

The Congressional Session.

CONGRESS adjourned *sine die* August 5 after an unusually barren session of eight months. The amount of business introduced in both Houses was never greater, and the actual accomplishment has seldom been less. The House had adopted new rules to facilitate the consideration of the appropriation bills, but that class of legislation was unusually behindhand, and not till the last day of the session was the last bill signed. The appropriations for the coming fiscal year amount to $264,783,579, an increase of $33,000,000 over the amount of last year's bills, an increase due chiefly to the great River and Harbor bill and the various pension measures.

Of the new laws the following are among the most important:

The Presidential Succession bill, providing for the succession to the office of president of the members of the cabinet in case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the president and vice-president.

To provide for the study of the nature and effect of alcoholic drinks and narcotics.

The Oleomargarine bill, providing for a tax of two cents a pound on imitation butter, and requiring that the packages containing it shall be branded and stamped.

The bill for the increase of the navy. It provides for the construction of two sea-going, double-bottomed armored vessels of about 6,000 tons displacement; one protected double-bottomed cruiser of from 3,000 to 5,000 tons displacement; one first-class torpedo boat, and for the completion of the four double-turreted monitors now being constructed. It appropriates $2,500,000 for the construction of these vessels and $1,000,000 for armament.

To provide that homestead settlers within the railway limits restricted to less than 160 acres of land shall be entitled to have their additional entries patented without any further cost or further proof of settlement and cultivation.

To reduce the fees on domestic money-orders for sums not exceeding $5, from eight cents to five cents.

Authorizing the construction of a building for the accommodation of the Congressional Library.

To increase to $12 a month the pensions of widows and dependent relatives of deceased soldiers and sailors.

In the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill—authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue silver certificates in denominations of one, two, and five dollars; also appropriating $40,000 for the establishment of an industrial home in Utah for women who renounce polygamy, and for their children.

A Brief Survey.

GEORGIA will vote in October upon the question of giving pensions to maimed Confederate soldiers. ——The Legislature of California has elected A. R. Williams to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Miller.——The schooner yacht *Sarah Craig*, of Philadelphia, capsized in a squall near Sandy Hook July 30, and six ladies and one gentleman were drowned.——The United States public debt statement for July shows a reduction of $9,049,103 85. ——New York and New England were visited by a cold wave August 2–4. Snow fell in the White Mountains and in Central New York.——Seven young persons were drowned by the capsizing of a yacht in the harbor of Portland, Maine, August 4. ——The fisheries question remains unsettled, and the Canadian government continues to enforce the treaty laws as they are interpreted in the Dominion.

The German University of Heidelberg began celebrating the five hundredth anniversary of its founding August 3.——General Boulanger, French Minister of War, who lately sprang into prominence as the champion of the republic, is now being bitterly attacked by political enemies, and his popularity is apparently waning.——The French local elections, August 1, resulted in slight gains for the Republicans.——The departure of Lord Aberdeen, the Viceroy of Ireland, from Dublin, was observed with every mark of respect and honor, the people thus showing their loyalty to the outgoing Liberal government. ——Franz Liszt, the most famous of pianists, and a distinguished composer, died at Bayreuth, Germany, July 31. He was born in Hungary October 22, 1811. ——Late news from the Afghan boundary announces that the Russo-English commission has settled its differences, and the work of defining the boundary is nearly completed.——The feeling between Catholics and Protestants in Belfast caused further riots August 2.——The British government denies the current stories of famine in Labrador.

Publishers' Department.

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WHAT OUR READERS SAY OF US.

DALLES, WASCO CO., ORE., *June* 22, 1886.

We are more than pleased with OUR YOUTH. It is just the thing for the young folks, and when it comes to "*our* youth" you may count the presiding elder among the number. But numbers 2, 11, 12, 26 never came. We want to read these numbers and bind the whole. Can you send them?

Rev. S. GASCOIGNE, Presiding Elder.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., *May* 26, 1886.

I represented the YOUTH in the Sunday-school last Sabbath with above result (eight subscribers). The Methodist Church has succeeded in publishing a paper which, in its line, will compare with any thing I have come across.

Rev. F. L. WILSON.

March 30, 1886.

OUR YOUTH of March 27 is accidentally destroyed. Inclosed find postage stamps for another copy. Some of us had not read it, and we like it so well that we do not like to miss one copy. After we all read it my mother sends it to England to her nieces there.

G. C. MORRIS.

ROXBURY, N.Y., *May* 18, 1886.

I am a subscriber, and from personal knowledge can commend it most heartily. To say it is the *brightest* and the *best* of its kind would not be extravagant. Rev. P. N. CHASE.

MEMPHIS, TENN., *April* 10, 1886.

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Very Important.—Clara (Bobby's big sister)—"I heard father calling you a little while ago, Bobby."

Bobby—"Did he say Robert or Bobby?"

Clara—"He said Robert."

Bobby (with a serious look in his eyes)—"Then I guess I had better see what he wants."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"The Washington Critic" tells of an absent-minded United States senator who had occasion not long ago to go to New York. His wife was to go with him. After they had got away in good shape, a memorandum to this effect was found on the desk of the senator: "Things to take along: one pair socks, one shirt, two collars, one pair cuffs, one wife." The senator denies it, but the boys have it in black and white.

—According to "The Boston Transcript" a gentleman in Plymouth last year sent out to a friend in England a present of a barrel of the best Cape cranberries. The Englishman returned his thanks, but was sorry that the berries when they arrived were all sour.

—A French Duel.—First Duelist—"Come, choose your weapons."

Second Duelist—"Indian Clubs at 100 paces."

First Duelist (savagely)—"Very well; you'll find I'll not flinch from this bloody encounter. At 7 in the morning, then.—*Tid-Bits.*

—A little three-year-old boy became unruly at home, and his mamma, wishing to get him out of the way, lifted him over into the great wood-box in the kitchen and bade him stay there. An older brother came in soon after and seeing him there said:

"Well, Charlie, what have you been doing now?"

"O, nawthin'," was the reply. "Only mother's having one of her bad spells!"—*Boston Record.*

—"Mr. Schmidt," said a German gentleman recently, as he entered a Pittsburg merchant's office. "Mr. Schmidt, I haf der schmall pox."

"My goodness, Mr. Schneider!" was the hurried reply, "don't come here," and the clerks rapidly disappeared in various directions.

"Vot's der madder mit you fellows, anyhow?" pursued Schneider. "I haf der schmall pox full of putter oud in mine wagon, vot der Mrs. Schmidt ortered last week already."—*Ex.*

—"Bromley, do you know that Joe Byers has taken the Mansion Hotel?"

"Good gracious, Darringer! Why, he'll never pull through! Who is backing him?"

"Nobody."

"Why, he's nothing but a poor photographer."

"And that is just what enabled him to take it. He took it with his camera."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Fair Traveler—"What does this mean? The expressman says he can't find my trunk. Here is the check for it."

Baggageman—"The trouble is, ma'am, that you changed cars too often. The check and part of the handle has arrived, but the other pieces haven't got along yet."—*Omaha World.*

—Bobby and Rube were playing ball together one morning—the former at the latter's house—when Bobby, having had an early breakfast, began to feel the pangs of hunger, and was for a moment perplexed as to how he could communicate this fact to Rube without breaking his promise to his mother never to ask for food at a neighbor's house. And then he triumphantly solved the problem by proposing, "O! don't let's play ball any more. Let's play something where we have to eat."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Three curious errors of the types have come to our notice. A New Haven paper says: "In the editorial on Yale College yesterday, for '*alum water*' read '*alma mater.*'" A misplaced letter makes the title of a recently published pamphlet run, "*Education for them asses.*" This notice appears in a Georgia daily: "*Entered at the Post-office as second-class water.*"

—"Bobby, did you thank Mr. Featherly for giving you the penny?" inquired his mother.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What did you say?"

"I said, *Encore.*"—*New York Times.*

—A letter directed as follows passed through the Napa Post-office recently: "Napah City, Leunatick ascilem, Younited St."—*Napa City (Cal.) Reporter.*

—Down in Georgia they are complaining the cotton is choked with grass and weeds. Why don't they pound it on the back?—*Springfield Union.*

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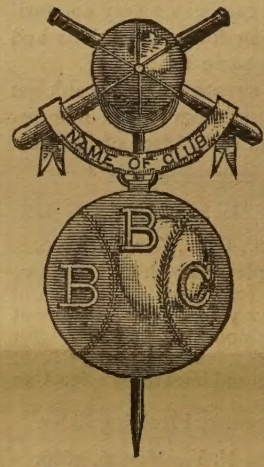

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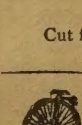

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